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PASTORAL BALLAD

K

In Four Parts :

ADMIRATION,
HOPE,
DISAPPOINTMENT,
SUCCESS.

*There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.*

POPE.

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ДАЛАЯОТАД

ДИСАИМДА
ЛПОН
ТИНМТИОТЧАД

БУГЕС



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GENTLE READER,

*IF thou art a Critic of very fine taste, do not read
the following trifle : thou wilt reject it with disdain on
account of the liberties taken with the most beautiful pas-
toral in our language, tho' it be not in the power of this
writer to lessen the merit of that elegant performance, if
he were indeed so vitiously inclined.*

*Art thou of a risible disposition ? Indulge thy humour,
and shake thy sides with him : but, if thou art averse to
that wholesome exercise, and art proud of a different twist
of features (for which life will give thee ample occasion)
gratify thy spleen, think such a writer's folly contempti-
ble, and thy own wisdom an object of envy.*

and the other day I went to see the
newly built church at St. Albans. It is a
handsome building, and the interior is
admirable. The pulpit is very large and
handsome, and the organ is excellent.
The choir is composed of boys from
the neighboring towns, and the music
is very good. The services are conducted
in Latin, and the choir sings in Latin
as well. The organ is played by a
local organist, and the choir is
conducted by a local conductor.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

Holiday ods, curly, si dleish woh

THE ARGUMENT.

A certain Shepherdess (ycked MARGARET TIMBERTOE) had the misfortune to be born without the sense of hearing, and was consequently dumb; she had likewise by accident lost the entire use of one leg and one eye. In other respects she was not without some very powerful attractions, at least in the eye of a neighbouring Shepherd, (by name PHELIM O GIMLET) who, being in the same situation as to the two latter particulars, became enamoured of the Nymph, and thus he spake his passion:

ADMIRATION.

DE V I L burn 'em ---- these wits are jack-asses !
 Tumble down their vile books from my shelves !
 They goddesses make of their lasses,
 And simpletons make of themselves,

B

Away

Away with their nonsense, away! —

MOGGY TIMBERTOE let me endite,
Whose eye is as bright as the day,
And whose tongue is as still as the night.

With storms should the elements crack, T 2 A 9

How fearless is virtue the while!
Let the brave be dismay'd at the smack;
Her face wears an ever-green smile.
So gracefully PHYLLIDA moves,
So lightly she trips o'er the ground,
Each shepherd, that looks at her, loves;
Each shepherdess envies the wound.

But how wou'd the blunderers stare J I V E G
To see little TIMBERTOE run!
Or, how wou'd Miss PHYLLIDA bear
To foot it for ever on one!

[7]

I knew that her fortune was noble,

I was smit with her presence behind;

And, blest with a similar hobble,

I wrote her a piece of my mind.

" I have seen a complexion as fair,

" JENNY TWINKLE has one eye as fine;

" But where shall we meet with a pair,

" So bright as that twinkler of thine?

" My passion in vain I wou'd stifle,

" Like a cinder I'm burnt black and blue;

" Nor can I be cur'd by a trifle,

" Unless I've that trifle from You.

" We have two pretty legs here between us,

" And a very complete pair of eyes;

" The folk that on one side have seen us,

" Have seen nothing there to despise.

" It

HOP

" It is not your cottage I want, *not for me*
 " 'Gainst an old oak's broad body reclin'd, *I*
 " With a wide-gaping window in front, *the field*
 " And a snug little peep-hole behind. *the stow*

 " It is not the smell of your kitchen, *a neat evnd*
 " Where plenty and cleanliness please, *lennu*
 " With a whole ham and half of a fitch, *in the tu*
 " Reserve for potatoes and peas. *so*

 " It is not your mare to ride double, *in nothing*
 " Bereft like ourselves of one eye; *like a*
 " No, nor twenty fat geese on the stubble, *Not on*
 " Nor a sow and nine pigs in the sty. *U*

 " It is not dear MOGGY your purse, *your own*
 " But your person I PHELIM adore; *but*
 " And I'll take you for better or worse, *the folk*
 " Will any man take you for more? " *III*

HOPE.

H O P E.

KI N D nature had thrown off the load,
 Which in winter she commonly bore;
 And the sun jogg'd along the same road,
 He had travell'd some thousand times o'er.

Mother earth had put on her new clothes,
 'Twas (in English) the sweet month of May;
 When love led me forth by the nose,
 Where dear MOGGY TIMBERTOE lay:

On the marge of a river reclin'd,
 I trembled to see her asleep;
 Lest she wake on the side that was blind,
 And roll adown into the deep.

Young Zephyr play'd roguishly by,
 And whistled quite up to her knee;
 I respectfully shut my one eye,
 And the devil a bit did I see.

Thrice I roar'd out, "arise, pretty maid!"
 But she could not have heard the last trump;
 Yet thrice to get up she essay'd,
 And thrice she fell down again plump!

Then quick to assist her I went,
 She was pleas'd my affection to see;
 Her single eye shone with content,
 And doubly it shone upon me.

She drew from her bosom my letter,
 Love drew from his quiver a dart;
 Ah, thought I, she can't have a better
 To trip up the heels of her heart.

She

She smil'd when ~~I~~ kiss'd her dear hand :
Do your pleasure ~~as~~ much ~~as~~ to fay ;
 Yet so sweetly ~~she~~ bids me command,
 By my faith that ~~she~~ makes me obey.

Oh, what pleasure to see her lips jabber
 About something, that nobody knows !
 And their taste is just like bonny-clabber
 With 'tatoes bobbing up to one's nose.

Ye scenes of nonsenfical noise,
 Where often with pleasure ~~I~~ strove ;
 I fly from your bumpkinly joys
 To the bosom of beauty and love.

No longer the cudgel I wield ;
 The glories of wrestling I shun :
 Ye shepherds, the cob of the field
 Is content with the fame, he has won.

Gentle

Gentle hope, like an owl on her nest,
 Stretch over my soul thy soft wing!
 And the raptures, that can't be prest,
 Get up, little GIMLET, and sing.

D I S A P P O I N T M E N T.

YE clouds of a dirt-colour die,
Besmut the bright face of the sun!
And let not the moon's silver eye
Make game of a lover undone!

Brown, brown be the earth, and ye floods
Tumble back your rude streams, or lie still!
Ye beasts of the field to the woods!
Ye feather'd fowls fly where you will!

Plague take it ---- this love's a vile passion!
'Tis not worth an honest man's care;
It begins with a world of vexation;
It ends in disgust or despair.

blood

D

These

These girls are so full of vagary,
 One never knows when they are right ;
 They'll lead you a dance, till you're weary,
 Then marry another in spite.

I pity those poor honest fellows,
 Tied fast to their aprons for life ;
 They first give 'em cause to be jealous,
 Then ---- " *Dare you suspect your own wife?* "

I thought, I'd secur'd my dear Moggy,
 As safe as a thief in a mill ;
 But I'm popt in a hole that is boggy,
 And there I may lie if I will.

I found out a gift for my lass,
 I found out the maker at YORK ;
 'Twas an eye neatly fashion'd of glass,
 'Twas a leg nicely finish'd of cork.

" Special

" Special good are the members I bring,"
Said I, and (to please her the more,) Dif-

" My dear, you will find 'em the thing ; and
" For I tried, and I prov'd 'em before.

" Look here, my sweet creature to grace
" How charming this eye-ball doth shine ;
" It will give a new bloom to your face ;
" See, its fellow illuminates mine.

" Here's a limb ! Your acceptance I beg,
" Oh, 'tis better than that log of wood ;
" 'Tis a brother to this little peg,"
And I caper'd as high as I cou'd.

How false are the pleasures we know !

How severe is the pang of disgrace !
When I offer'd them both, and bow'd low ;
Why, she gave me a kick in the face.

Dif-

Disappointment so blinded mine eye,
So confus'd the fine things I'd to say,
That my path I cou'd hardly espy,
As in dungeon I hobbled away.

"Look Peter, why won't others come to Greece?
"How can you think this place shall do well for us?
"It will give a new power to your sons;
"See, the fellow illuminates mine."

"Heidi's a lump! Your acciones I fes
" "O!" the poor little girl got to wop
" the mother of this bad
" "How I am right as Dingo I am."

How often we feel the pressure we know!
How often is the bang of disappointment
of b'wo'd has di'd mied b'wo'd
when we have met a task in the house.

S U C C E S S.

TH E R E be lovers of life so profuse,
 If a mistress but happen to frown,
 That will give their wise heads to a noose,
 Or will take to the water, and drown.

Now, why shou'd we quarrel with life,
 Since life is at best but a span?
 Is the loss of a termagant wife
 Such an horrid misfortune to man?

A termagant wife is the Dee'l;
 And can Moggie a termagant prove?
 Her foot to be sure made me reel,
 But perhaps 'twas a proof of her love.

E

Ah,

Ah, PHELIM, (said I to myself)

Why will not thy vanity see,
That a lady possest of such pelf,
May buy a much better than thee!

Then I call'd myself dastardly devil,

And thought upon all I'd been told ;
How that beauty despiseth a *SNIVEL,
And yields to the touch of the bold.

He's a knave and a noddie to boot,

That's abash'd, when a maiden says----nay ;
And hastily gives up his suit,
Because he can't have his own way.

I knew that the gifts wou'd allure,

And I follow'd the issue to see ;
But scarce had I gone from the door,
Little MOGGY came hopping to me.

On

* Poetically abbreviated for Sniveller, a weak lamenter.

On her lips I imprinted a kiss,
 And another intended --- but Oh !
 She caught such a foretaste of bliss,
 That she quak'd from her top to her toe.

I fear'd, that an ague had seiz'd her,
 Her colour so went and so came ;
 But soon I perceiv'd, that it pleas'd her,
 And pleas'd, I repeated the same.

Toward church I observ'd her eye squint,
 Certain proof that she meant to be kind ;
 So I quickly improv'd on the hint,
 And I silently told her my mind :

But when her compliance I guest,
 I thought that my heart wou'd run wild :
 By Saint PATRICK, it bumpt in my breast
 Like the kicks of a never-born child.

To

To the Parson I artfully stray'd,
 Who knew our perfections to scan;
 He vow'd, so accomplish'd a maid
 Never wedded so finish'd a man.

He declar'd, we were form'd for delight,
 Tho' (to give honest Levi his due)
 Time and stingy so + bother'd his light,
 That he scarce knew a P. from a Q.

He bless'd us again and again,
 In hopes I wou'd double his pay,
 But, before the Clerk shuffled Amen,
 We hopt like two magpies away.

+ boor'd —— a very useful provincial expression, implying (as Dr. JOHNSON has, or ought to have explain'd it) that species of stupor, which, by abating the edge of the senses, gives such a passivity the intellects, as qualifies a man for an Excellent Grammian or Lexicographer.

BY SIR JOHN PATRICK, BART.
 MILE END-ROAD, E. 10. ADDED JULY 1851.
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